

I.F  
A  
L E T T E R  
T O  
THOMAS ROCHE,  
Son of PEREGRINE ROCHE,  
Of the CITY of DUBLIN;

Who, being cured of a violent scorbutic Disorder,  
has lately relapsed; and the Habit is now so con-  
firmed, that he is deemed incurable, and must ever  
remain a very SCRUB.

By ABRAHAM RYE.

—*Nemo me impune lacessit.*—

To which is added, by way of Postscript,

*An AFFIDAVIT from the MAN in the CLOSET.*

*The SECOND EDITION, with a SUPPLEMENT.*

“ A particular Friend of mine advised me, in a very friendly  
“ Manner, to pay the present Expence, and proceed no farther.  
“ My Friend, I know, meant me well; but as nothing can be  
“ more disagreeable than advice against a determined Resolution,  
“ I was resolved to push on, though I knew I had a tiresome,  
“ long, and DIRTY Road to travel, not a Soul in the City to  
“ bear me Company, and must expect to be pelted with Dirt  
“ from behind every Hedge as I passed along.

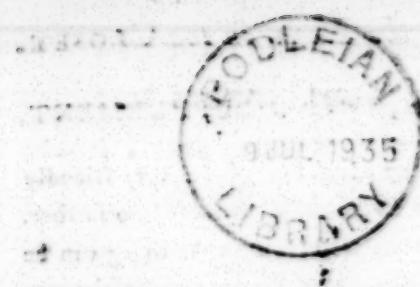
Roch on Corporation Government.

What a prophetic Spirit was this Man endued with!

Sold by Messrs. SIMMONS and KIRKBY, and W. FLACKTON,  
in CANTERBURY.

[Price THREE-PENCE.]

RECEIVED





T O

Mr. T \* \* \* \* R \* \* \* \* E,

Of the City of DUBLIN.

DEAR TOM,

I T gave me the highest satisfaction when I was acquainted with your recovery from a disorder, which has been the bane of your family :—the scurvy, Tom, makes terrible havock in delicate constitutions, and I have been long apprehensive it would bring you to an untimely end. Alas ! my fears were but too true ; some cursed mercurial preparation has certainly affected your brain, and I fear we shall ever be deprived of your company ; for that *saline eruption* which drivels from your mouth indicates that you are totally unfit for the society of mankind. The *Liberty of the Press*, that glorious pri-

B vilege

vilege of our constitution, is still open to you, nor are you the only unfortunate Lunatic who takes pains to abuse himself. You have indeed, to use your own *gentle* language, vomited forth a crude, undigested pamphlet, which, though it may have eased your own stomach, is nauseous to every reader.

You, Tom, like every other story-teller, have a peculiar manner of relating your own narrative, and, blessed as you are with the power of rhetoric, can so disguise the dark scenes, and embellish the more lucid parts, of your narration, that unless it is contrasted with plain, simple facts, you, Sir, the hero of your family, may perhaps deceive the inattentive reader.

Indeed you very frankly confess, that you came to C——— helpless and friendless; that the generous inhabitants raised you from a state of abject poverty, to a comfortable situation, and, in return, you tell them, even without an apology for your

your conduct, or a blush for your principles, that you gambled away, at your own earnest request, the amazing sum of Two HUNDRED POUNDS.

Abuse, and not mechanism, is your talent, though there is a kind of analogy in both; for as you are extremely *dirty* in the one, so in the other you are a very *sloven*.

As to the 102 pages of narrative, I will engage to render it more intelligible in a less number of lines.—On a Saturday night in January last, Tom, as usual, goes to the club; where he meets with many reputable neighbours, men whom he had associated with for several years; at twelve o'clock he sits down to a game of two-handed whist, at which he is known to play better than at any other game; has a run of ill luck, yet stupidly pursues it; increases the sum, and plays on till (how shall I name it without a blush!) till two o'clock on Sunday afternoon; his antagonist is then engaged with other company; he pursues

him to his own house, and from six on Sunday evening plays till four on Monday morning; gets himself severely drubbed; yet not content, for gambling appears to be his ruling passion, he sollicits his antagonist to his own house, and there refuses admittance to a third person; is beat again; he revokes several times in the course of the play, and calls it *stupidly*, the world must think it *arrantly*; for a fair player, if he revokes, is supposed not to be sensible of his mistake, till his antagonists detect him; but you, *stupidly* indeed, detect yourself, whilst your antagonist passed it over.

It is true, you was the loser, but that by no means infers that you was the honestest man at the table. Indeed, Tom, it looks very *suspicious* that you was trying your talents.

At length you give it up, retire to rest, and awake with all the horror of ruin and destruction, brought on by a curled propensity to gambling. Vanity, of which  
you

you have no small share, induces you to think that you could not be beat, by fair play, especially as you had taken such unfair advantages by revoking yourself. The next emotion, and, I believe, the last, which conscience has given you, was, "If " I evade payment the world will think it " mean." You resolve to be a man of honour; but, alas! those honourable resolutions fell before the idol *Interest*, and you stand in the first rank of that infamous society of *Black Legs*.

Your next step was to recover by law the money paid in part; you commence a prosecution, publish the affair to the world, with all the aggravated circumstances malice could suggest, and threaten every possible punishment on the man you had sollicited to this cruel fate. What a hopeful chance had he in risking the loss of *two hundred pounds* with a *v*—, who now determined to prosecute him for winning *eighty*? Can you, has your country given you a face to meet the public, when you have thus forfeited

forfeited every pretension to pity or support?

But, how shall I relate the sequel! to entrap the man who now begins to see his error, by associating with you, and who declares he would refund the money if he thought it affected your circumstances.— You delude, under false pretences, a man of fair character into a dirty action; you plant him in the closet, and then gently invite your companion to your house, and beg he would open himself freely; that your convenient, though inoffensive, neighbour might have some suspicious proof to swear away—his life; no—his *reputation*. Are these things so, thou pest of society? The hyena, crafty, voracious, and cruel, seems less so than you; that beast can only call men out and devour them, but you seduce them to your very den.

Pity to the unfortunate, however unworthy, dwells in the breast of an Englishman; it is the characteristic of *our country*.

Yours,

You, basely as you acted, was not an exception; your friends, your foes, every man that deigned to speak to you, intreated you to make up the affair; they solicited, they begged, they pressed you; but fools are ever obstinate, and revenge, cruel revenge, stimulated you to persist. At length, through dread of a recrimination, on the gambling act, from your opponent, you willingly consented, and fortunately put your arbitration into the hands of a man, whose head, whose heart, whose invariable conduct, are an honour to society; and abuse, from such a wretch as you, must rivet him still closer to our affections; he rightly weighs the matter, and, as there appears no suspicion of a fraud, he judges the winner intitled to the whole; but, from humanity to your circumstances, which is ever prevalent with him, he endeavours to mitigate your loss, but could scarcely suppose that your antagonist would give up an hundred and twenty-eight guineas. However, to make the matter certain, he intimates his intention, and succeeds; and fairly telis  
you,

you, that your adversary is acquainted with the mode of arbitration: you acquiesce; the world approved it; and it was most sincerely wished by the public, that the whole affair might be buried in eternal oblivion.

Gaming of every species is my utter aversion; and I hope no man will suppose that I am defending so infamous a practice: nothing can extenuate the offence, in the opinion of every honest man; but yet there is a justice due to the vilest malefactors. As gamesters, both parties are equally culpable; with this difference only, that the one, sensible his conduct is not to be defended, prudently keeps silent; whilst the other, by public meetings, by private conferences, and by scurrilous pamphlets, endeavours to compel you to approve his conduct.

Poor, friendless, abandoned man; You will still rake in the filth of your own actions, and having found a Printer, equally ready with yourself, to BLACKEN characters; commit

mit to the press the narrative of a transaction which must ever make against you ; and have still rendered it more infamous, by endeavouring to scandalize the most reputable characters, whom indeed you seem to have dragged forth merely to shew your talent at abuse—Ungrateful wretch ! But gratitude, Tom, to speak in your native language, was a crime which was never laid to your charge. The inhabitants of this city, who have raised you from obscurity, despise you, and was you not too contemptible, would roll you through every kennel in the street. You have furnished the world with branding-irons, and the public have affixed on you that **BLACK MARK**, of which you formerly expressed so much dread.

Characters which the world will ever honour with applause, you, in most absurd, illiterate, ungrammatical language, have endeavoured to depreciate ; but the blow recoils with double force upon your own hapless pate.

Indeed it is now known, that from your innate propensity to scandal, it is equally dangerous to a man's reputation to be seen in your company, as it is infectious to the body to associate with families infected with the plague. Be satisfied, urge me no farther, and be assured that you are become so very dangerous, that the only apology necessary for expelling you from the concert as a proprietor, from clubs as a companion, and from society as a man, was the great duty of *self-preservation*.

After having related your story, how you *gamed* away *two hundred pounds* on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—how you *promised* payment of the money, and how you refused payment of the money—how at one time you determined to be a man of honour, and how you soon after found that you had no honour at all—how you got the man into the closet to entrap your associate, and how, after having earnestly intreated him to play with you, commenced a prosecution against him as a gambler—how, when your friend

friend from the closet said, that Mr. F. did not say he *marked*, but only *cut*, the cards as he pleased—how you made him say quite the contrary in the 15th page of your narrative—and when you have assured us, by all the possible proofs necessary for that purpose, that you are a very great r—l, you then step out of the way to abuse fifteen persons, all more reputable than yourself, because they refuse to be connected with a f—l.

Your character as a tradesman is notorious; if the world wants proof, I would refer them to *John Segh*. Your duplicity with Mr. R—— and Mr. W—— was infamous. How worthy you are as a companion, I refer the public to your own narrative. As a man of veracity you are totally ruined. You accuse me of propagating a story of Mr. *Horn*, which I never did: but this I did; I enquired into the merits of that story, found it untrue, and made it my business to contradict it.

Your pamphlet is made up of lies, scandal, and abuse, and I am well persuaded the parties aggrieved will very soon step forth and do themselves justice on a worthless miscreant, whose talent for slander is on every occasion predominant; nor can you even take up your pen in a public cause without private scandal.

As for my own part, though I have no acquaintance with *Achilles*, I feel myself perfectly invulnerable from *your* shafts; but I feel for my neighbours, and, on all occasions, dare oppose myself to a wretch like you; and I am firmly persuaded that I shall do society more service, by exposing such a creature, than ever any of your *Irish heroes* have done by destroying monsters.

I shall now close this letter, and subjoin the affidavit of your *own honest man*, which, I believe, will satisfy the public, that your assertion of Mr. Petts's hearing Mr. F. say, in a very particular maner, that "he had " a right to *mark* the cards with his nails,

" to

“ to prevent cutting honours,” is a LYE. Yes, Sir, it is one of those many embellishments that served to enliven your pamphlet when the narrative was dull.

I now leave you to the scorn of the world, and, what is worse, to the pangs of your own tormenting conscience; yet, not without assuring you that, was there the least suspicion of your having been defrauded of the money, which I firmly believe you fairly lost, I would have been the first man to have stood forth in your defence, and assisted you, to the utmost of my power, to have brought the culprit to condign punishment. Even now, your situation awakens in me the feelings of humanity, and I wish you to retire, lest the threatening storm should burst on your execrable head, and reduce you, if to not atoms, at least to that comfortless state, when you tell us you was a *stranger and friendless*.

**ABRAHAM RYE.**

**POST-**



## POSTSCRIPT.



### AFFIDAVIT of THOMAS PETTS.

I WAS employed by Mr. *Roch* in beating a bed, when he came and desired to speak to me; we walked together into the *Dungil*; where he asked me "if I could keep a secret?" I answered, "yes, if there was occasion " for it." He said "he believed he " was taken in by a sharper," or words to that effect; I replied that " I did " not understand gaming;" " I do " not want you to understand any " thing about it, (said he) but only " to have your opinion in the matter."

I told

I told him "I did not like to have  
" any thing to do in such an affair." He often renewed this discourse, and at length prevailed upon me to consent to be secreted in a closet in a room at his house ; and assured me at the same time that no other person was acquainted with it but him and myself, *nor ever should*: then, and not till then, he asked me "if I knew Mr. " *Francis*? I replied "yes ;" and asked him "if he was the person he meant?" He said "he was." I then told him, "I begged to be excused, as I did not " like to do such a thing, Mr. *F.* being a neighbour, and I had some " dealings with his brother the grocer, " and if such a transaction was ever " made public it might greatly preju- " dice me in my business." At this he seemed much dissatisfied, and again assured me, "upon his honour, that " it should never transpire." Upon which

which assurance I consented; and then he told me "he would let me know "when Mr. F. was to come." Some time after he called on me, and desired I would come that evening. I accordingly went, when he shewed me the place wherein I was to be secreted; presently after Mr. F. came; and while he was coming up stairs, Mr. R. pushed me into the closet, and shut the door. After they had taken a glass, Mr. R. asked Mr. F. whether "he knew how much money he had given him, or whether he told it?" Mr. F. said "yes; eighty guineas." Mr. R. then asked him "if he had given M. Teal half of it? Mr. F. said "yes." Mr. R. asked "if Mr. T. was concerned with him in the whole? Mr. F. said "yes." Mr. R. said to Mr. F. "I shewed you where you marked the cards with your nail;" Mr. F. denied it, and seemed to laugh it

it off, by walking about the room. Mr. R. then said, " Why would you " *cut* the cards so when you saw how " it provoked me ? " Mr. F. answered, that " he had a right to *cut* them so, " if he could prevent the cutting of " all honour." Previous to Mr. F.'s coming, Mr. R. shewed me a piece of paper, on which was some writing ; it seemed to be the cover of a letter, whereon he desired me to mark two crosses, which I did. On a piece of this paper he bid Mr. F. put down " what money he had paid him, and " what he had to pay." Soon after this Mr. F. went away, on which I was released from the closet ; when he asked me " what I thought of the " affair, and whether he was not took " in ? " I at that time assented, not knowing but that Mr. F. had enticed him to play. A few weeks after, Mr. R. again sent for me to his house ;

when I came there, Mr. *Sladden* was with him ; Mr. *S.* asked me “ what I “ had heard pass between Mr. *F.* and “ Mr. *R.*? ” I then related what I had heard while in the closet : but in the recital, Mr. *R.* frequently interrupted me, by putting in words that I did not remember ; for which he was checked by Mr. *S.* in particular, he wanted me to say, that “ Mr. *F.* said he had “ a right to *mark* the cards to prevent “ the cutting of an honour ; ” but I said “ no, Mr. *F.* said he had a right “ to *cut* them so, if he could prevent “ the cutting of an honour.”

*The Mark of*  
+  
THOMAS PETTS.

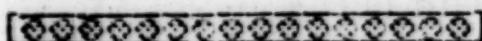
*Canterbury, Dec. 17, 1773.*

*Sworn before me,*

**G. F R E N D, Mayor.**

**SUP-**

## S U P P L E M E N T.



*Like as the Devil our Mother Eve ensnar'd,  
Like that Arch Fiend you basely PETTS betray'd.*

RYE.

THE *Affidavit* of a man whose character is unblemished, and whose reputation stands fair with the world, is the most sacred test he can give of the truth of what he asserts ; and to pretend to controvert an oath thus solemnly made, or to refute it by a deposition artfully drawn from a man to answer the most infamous purpose, by putting words into his mouth which he never meant, is such an act as must fix upon the inveighing v——n perpetual obloquy. Conscious of rectitude, Petts steps forth, in defence of his character, upon which the most daring attacks have been made, by a simpering, similing f——l, who<sup>s</sup> ensnared him to his dark retreat ; but not finding him the tool he expected, publicly and wantonly attacks his character. Yes, thou

incor. sistent wretch, you proclaim him honest to support your *own* cause; and then, damn his reputation, for swearing to the truth. Your engagement of keeping his name secret, ought to have been a powerful motive, for suppressing the publication of your abusive pamphlet; but, I believe, on *your* principles, it was one chief cause of its appearing; that your ungrateful heart might repay every favour you have received, with the most illiberal scandal. *Petts* is an industrious, honest, sober fellow, and his oath is not an *Iris* one; his relation of the matter, convinced the world you deluded the man, but you was not long enough his tutor to debauch his principles. The world does *not* suppose that he was *invited* to your house to hear your own imprudence—No; the world, or that little part of the world that thinks you worth their notice, is well assured that you *seduced* him there, to instruct him as a proper evidence, in support of your own black design. You know, indeed, with what facility *witnesses* are suborned in one part of his majesty's dominions; to

to which employ, from the great progress you make in the art of LYING, it is probable you may one day be called : but here you mistook your man. You are very fond, Tom, of ransacking Jest-Books, for the sake of telling Stories; and as it is necessary my *second* Edition should not be destitute of novelty, I must beg leave to relate the following, as given by a very honest fellow :—

‘ *Tom Dare-Devil*, who was superior to the rest of his neighbours in many *polite* arts, finished his course last week, by a violent scrofulous complaint ; which having long infected his heart, at length seized his brain, and he went off violently convulsed. I happened to be present at his last moments, and the remembrance of him still dwells so strongly on my mind, that I see him, I hear him, in all the agonies of despair, starting, trembling, and uttering the most horrid imprecations. His conscience, at the approach of death, had conjured up before him ten thousand devils, with their red hot spits ; who assumed the shapes of all those

those he had injured, and came hissing on him, to retaliate their wrongs. "Save me!" "Save me!" (he would cry) from that form: "he was my friend, but I endeavoured to "damn his reputation, when he had preserved me from ruin; in which I had involved myself, by a propensity to gaming. "—Hah! what form is that, at which my soul sickens! Why dost thou shake thy hoary locks at me? Oh! it is poor Petts! "Indeed, I injured you very much, but I really beg your pardon! Happy if, like you, I could neither have read nor wrote, then had I not taken up my murdering pen, to assassinate the fairest characters. "—What dreadful emblems are these, that glide before my eyes? Horror and confusion! Kings, Queens, and Knaves in dreadful array! How they affect my troubled conscience! Yes, I accused my companion of being a cheat, and prosecuted him as a gambler, though I knew, and had declared, *it w is fair—all fair, by g—d!*" Here he became confused, and his senses left him. At length, he burst

burst out—"Would I had died twenty  
" years ago!" and repeated the following  
lines :

"Thou to thy crimes shalt feel the vengeance due,  
" With Hell's black fires for ever I'll pursue ;  
" In every place, some injur'd shade shall rise,  
" And CONSCIENCE still present it to thy eyes."

He soon after expired.

The behaviour of this poor creature af-  
forded a dreadful instance of the truth of  
that maxim, "There is no hell like a trou-  
" bled conscience;" and it were to be  
wished that the conscience of every living  
hypocrite would work on his imagination  
in the same manner, and raise up such hor-  
rid apparitions to torment and *reform* him.  
—Thus far my author.

If you, Tommy, should have any similar  
feelings to this unhappy wretch, make your  
peace whilst you can; for though malice,  
interest, or revenge, under the disguise of  
honour, push you on to persist, the world  
firmly

firmly believes, however you deceive yourself, that the Devil is at your elbow.

Through the whole of your narrative, what you aim at is, to make the public believe you was *cheated*, though you know you lost your money *fairly*. You want to appear as a *Green-Horn*, unacquainted with gaming ; when it is notorious to the world, that you have all your days, nay I may add nights, been never so happy as when engaged at *Cards*.

I shall now sheath my weapon ; but remember, if I am roused again, my anger shall not be easily assuaged. I bid you, once more, farewell ; and, in your own pleasing, ironical manner, with which you so often beguile your friends, assure you that I am, dear Tom,

Your's, most affectionately,

ABRAHAM RYE.



F I N I S.

